

OUR DUMB Animals

JANUARY

1947



DEVOTED COMPANIONS

—Photo, Keith W. Jones

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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AND
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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We Enter a University

IT is to be sincerely hoped that all of our readers will turn to the center pages in this issue of the magazine and read the story by Dr. Philip Weltner, President of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia.

I am more than reluctant to make the request of our readers which follows, because Dr. Weltner has graciously named our new educational program for me. I can do no less, however, than take this opportunity, publicly, to express my appreciation for the honor and to tell my many friends in the humane world that I consider the beginning of Humane Education at a college level as the greatest forward step in our field.

Dr. Weltner is a distinguished educator and a man of high ideals and, under his direction, the program will go far in deepening and widening in the lives of the young men and women attending Oglethorpe those fundamental principles of justice and mercy toward all life, human and sub-human, without which in the character of its citizens no republic can endure. Oglethorpe was founded 110 years ago.

These same young men and women, just starting out in their careers, will carry with them, throughout the length and breadth of our country, these teachings of Humane Education.

Of course, it is going to cost a great deal of money to keep this program going and, much as I dislike using this page as a means of appealing for funds, nevertheless, we know it will require the generous support of our friends far and near if we are to go forward with this notable advance step in Humane Education.

Humane Education has been almost a religion with me because I have believed it based upon the most fundamental principles of our Christian faith. And now, entrance into this new and wider field of service gives me rare pleasure and satisfaction.



A Little Black Dog

By HENRY GILLEN

Reprinted from the *Boston Post*

*There must be a place where the little dogs go
When the sun goes down and the starlight fades—
A wonderful haunt in the afterglow,
With fields for running and resting glades. . . .*

HE liked this time of year when the air was crisp, the ground dry and his little legs could carry him far without panting.

In the woods, where a falling leaf startled him and a pile of leaves set him burrowing, he was the personification of happiness until weariness and the pangs for dinner sent him home, a tired little trudger, yet eager for the favorite spot by the fireplace where a flaming log dispelled the twilight encompassing the living room.

Best of all he liked his favorite spot when everyone was home and when his dreams were not disturbed by wondering what time this or that member of the family would arrive.

Then, too, with everyone gathered in, he did not have to worry so much about the strange step going by on the sidewalk, a twig striking the windowpane or the faint barking of a distant dog fighting back the new moon.

He was only a dog, a very little, black dog, who gave loyalty, faith and comfort in a large way, and was amply repaid with a little pat on the back.

Wars meant nothing in his life, nor postwars, no rationing, nor any of the things that trouble grownups. It was just as well he knew nothing about them. He could not understand such things, for he was direct and without guile, honest in his actions, and the double-talk would have confused him.

In such a world as we live in at the moment one little black dog less is of no

consequence. Beyond his own threshold it did not matter an instant.

Even there, things have changed only slightly. No one now asks, "Did anyone feed the dog?" No one now says, "Will we take the dog in the car or leave him at home?" No one now says, "Come on, fellow, and we'll go for a walk."

It is only when you open the door and he is not there. It is only when you whistle and he does not come. It is only when you see another dog like him go by and you say, "That was like him," that you remember he is gone.

But it is unimportant. The world is full of dogs. It always has been. There must have been puppy dogs at Bethlehem, around the log cabin clearing in Kentucky, or romping on the sloping lawns of Mt. Vernon and there were probably moments in those places when a little tail gave its last, faint waggle.

Soon there is going to be another little black dog to take the place of the other black dog. He will probably sleep in the same stuffed chairs, beg for a bit at the same table and wake the house at dawn as he loudly chases some canine intruder through his dreams.

He will be a care. But there will be moments when his antics will make one forget atom bombs, disputatious statesmen, black market carrión and the hypocrisy of some humans.

Those who have dogs know this. Those who haven't should get one tangled up in their hearts and find out what an anodyne they are for the daily headache of current living. For—

*"In the shadowy nook by the fireplace,
When the night brings darkness and peace of mind,
There will be waiting a friendly face,
Of your virtues conscious, to failings blind."*

Cuckoo in Folk-Lore

THE common cuckoo, known scientifically as climber of Scansor, is found almost everywhere in the world but in great numbers in warm climates like South America and Southern Asia. If found in cold and temperate regions it is usually a summer bird of passage.

Hearing the cuckoo of Denmark on an empty stomach is a sign of sure starvation. In peasant France they think it changes itself into a hawk in autumn.

In Germany an augury has it that a person lives the same number of years as notes he has heard; and that they who hear the first notes empty-handed remain so till it disappears. Serbia has an old adage — if it sings in a leafy forest everything is O.K. and vice versa. Among the Swiss the cuckoo is considered a transformed baker's boy; and the shepherd girl believes that the number of notes it sings corresponds to the number of years that will elapse before she's

Here and There

TO all those who remembered Dr. Rowley, President Hansen and others of the staff at the Holiday Season with their attractive Christmas cards, we are sincerely grateful. We wish we could thank each of these appreciated friends with a personal letter. All they have wished us we wish them, and even more.

Definition of a Yaller Dog

A YALLER dog, be it understood, is not necessarily the same as a yellow dog. He is not simply a canine whose capillary covering is highly charged with yellow pigment. He is the mongrellest mixture of all mongrels, the least common multiple of all dogs, the breedless union of all breeds, and though of no breed at all, he is yet of older, better breed than any of his aristocratic relations, for he is nature's attempt to restore the ancestral jackal, the parent stock of all dogs.

from Ernest Thompson Seton's
"Wild Animals I Have Known"

TROUBLE is a great sieve through which we sift our acquaintances; those who are too big to pass through, are our friends.

THE men whom I have seen succeed the best in life always have been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with smiles on their faces, and who took the chances and changes of their mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came; and so found the truth of the old proverb that good times and bad times and all times pass over.

—Charles Kingsley

WHAT is most needed for learning is an humble mind.

—Confucius

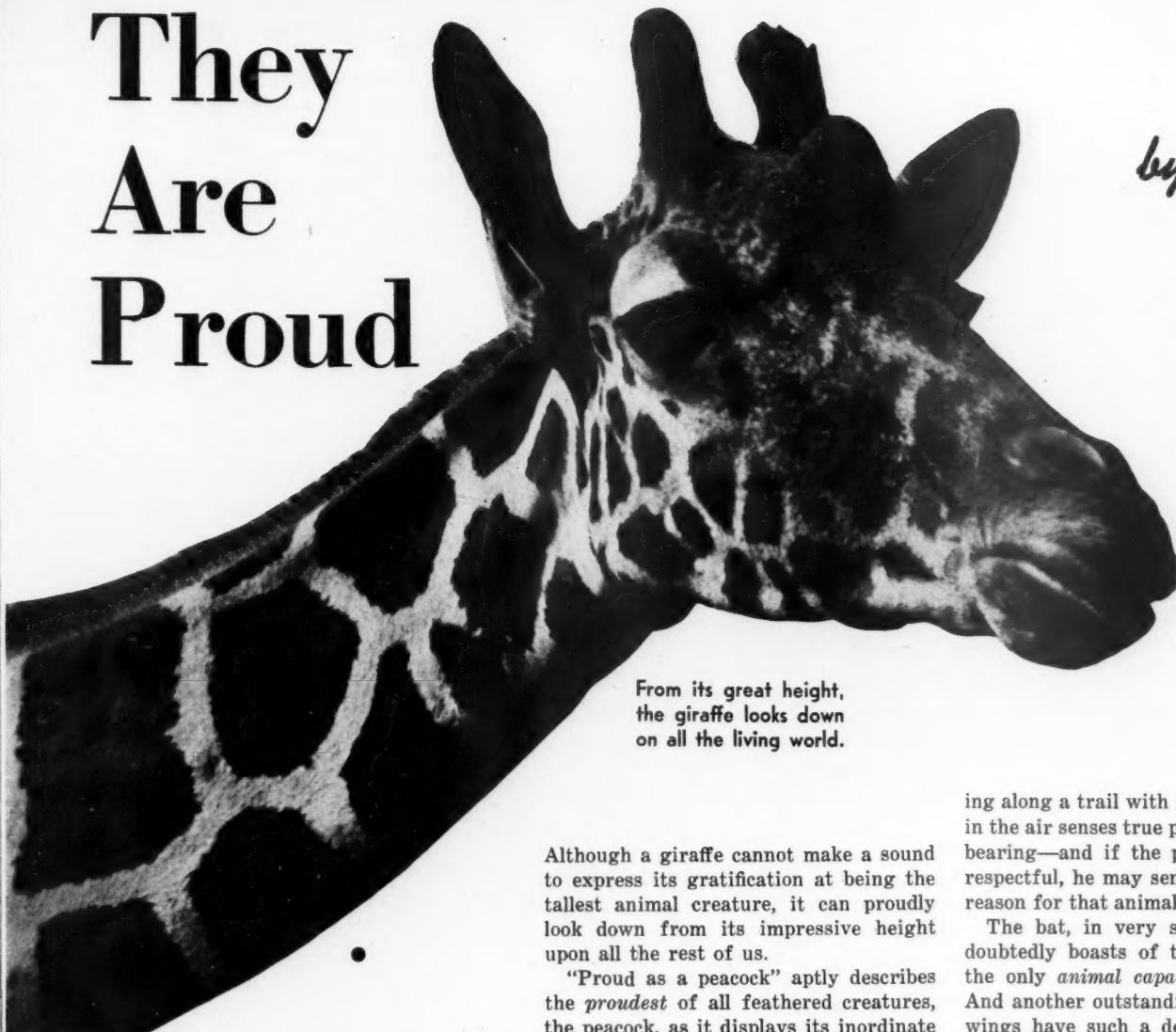
married. In a word, there is not only a zoology, but also a mythology of this bird.

The sound of its song has given us its name — the cuco of Old English, the coucou of France, the kuckuk of Germany, the kokkuy of Greece, the kakuka of the Sanskrit and the gok of Sweden.

Philologists and onomatopoeists have amused themselves with it for ages. Why not us?

—A. C. MacPhee

They Are Proud



by Jewell
Casey

Earl Ives Photo

From its great height,
the giraffe looks down
on all the living world.

Although a giraffe cannot make a sound to express its gratification at being the tallest animal creature, it can proudly look down from its impressive height upon all the rest of us.

"Proud as a peacock" aptly describes the *proudest* of all feathered creatures, the peacock, as it displays its inordinate vanity and brilliant feathers in a promenade of pride.

The prize for *queerest* looks, perhaps, goes to the very strange platypus, nocturnal animal that resembles a duck more than anything else in its composite make-up.

One wonders whether the ant-eater is boastful over its associates, if any, of having the smallest brain of any animal? That, however, is one of its distinctions—the other being that the ant-eater is the only creature that subsists entirely upon ants.

No doubt the slow-paced turtle enjoys his storied fame and were it not for that queer creature, the sloth, might have the distinction of being *slowest* of animals. However, the sloth earns that honor head-down, as he hangs in suspended animation from the limb of a tree.

Smellingest, or should one say the most odoriferous animal, unquestionably is the skunk. Anyone who meets a skunk stroll-

ing along a trail with its pretty tail high in the air senses true pride in the skunk's bearing—and if the person is not very respectful, he may sense a highly potent reason for that animal's pride.

The bat, in very squeaky tones, undoubtedly boasts of the fact that it is the only *animal capable of true flight*. And another outstanding trait, the bat's wings have such a delicate nervous organism, the little creature is able to feel an object even before it actually comes in contact with it.

One can almost hear the raccoon telling his friends that he almost never eats a morsel of food until he has given it a thorough washing, even though the food may be a fish he has just taken from the water. Therefore, he may be classed—and justly so—nature's *fussiest eater*.

The huge hippopotamus cannot possibly boast of good looks, but can be justly proud that he has the *thickest skin* of any known animal.

That queer little animal, the armadillo, in great pride parades four offspring—either all male or all female, but *never a mixed litter*—a feat that no other creature can claim.

And so it goes, nature seems to offset certain short-comings by endowing each animal with a distinctive quality that makes each, in his own way, king of beasts.

ANIMALS, like people, undoubtedly take personal pride in being the biggest, smallest, toughest, fiercest, fastest, slowest, or whatever characteristic that best distinguishes each species.

Just note, as you have the opportunity, the proud toss of the swift race horse's head; the triumphant crow of the strutting "cock o' the walk"; the awesome roar of a kingly lion and all the other manifold evidence of animal pride and self-evaluation.

Largest of all land animals is the elephant, whose ringing trumpet-call proudly proclaims its boastful challenge for the whole animal kingdom to produce something on four legs more majestic in size.

In sharp contrast, the shrew is evidently proud of being the *smallest* mammal, and shows that pride in its fierce, fearless and quarrelsome disposition.

Tallest animal, of course, is the giraffe.



Geese play an important part in making today's history.

Goose in History

By P. D. KEATING

THE "goose that laid the golden eggs" has become the best known member of the clan. Every school child is familiar with this priceless old fable and whenever one mentions a goose, the "golden one" immediately comes to mind. However, that goose only existed in fable and became useful as a part of a legend with a nice moral to it.

But the real, live goose has played an important part in man's history. From early times, the goose has been an ally of mankind in the scheme of things. For this bird has furnished meat, down for bedding, as a substitute for butter and provided quill pens for writing.

In history, the goose has played an important role. When the Gauls were warring with the Romans around 390 B.C., they tried a sneak raid on Rome. And their plan to capture the city would have succeeded, but for some geese. The Gauls had easily captured the outer ramparts and were advancing on Rome proper. Cackling geese awakened the Roman guards just in the nick of time to thwart the raid.

John Huss, a Bohemian reformer, gave prominence to the Goose family when he used a goose for his coat-of-arms. Huss's name in Bohemian meant "Goose," and he thought that it would make an appropriate talisman for his family.

The city of Poitiers during the Renaissance became famous for the elegant swan's skins that were produced there. The swan skins became quite a fad among the aristocracy and were highly priced and prized. The Poitiers' merchants were masters of the "skin game" in more ways than one and some time later it was found that they were duping their customers. For the skins that they were selling as genuine swan were merely tanned goose skins.

As a holiday dish for the table, the goose holds the No. 1 place in the European appetite. At Michaelmas Day, every family partakes of the goose, as the bird is considered very appropriate for the occasion since he is regarded as the pet bird of the Archangel Michael.

What Makes a Good Dog?

What makes a GOOD dog? Is it color, or breeding;
An outjutting jaw, or a nose that's receding?
A long tail, a short tail, or no tail at all?
A low dog, a long dog, or one that stands tall?

Must a dog, to be GOOD, have a Kennel Club card?
Can't he be a plain pooch with his tail wagging hard?
Can his unrestrained barking cause furor and riot;
Or should his behavior be peaceful and quiet?

A GOOD dog is made of a number of things:
Loyalty, courage, the joy that he brings
To his master or mistress—he's all these in part—
The REST of the dog is EXCLUSIVELY heart!

—Anya P. Sala



Certified

We shall be friends, I'm very sure of that,
You see you are accepted by my cat.
She has, for you, the softest little paws;
Some friends of mine have found that she has claws.

You say you like to listen to her purr,
You've won her mistress now, as well as her.
My home is yours, I'm reckless I suppose,
But who am I to doubt a cat that knows?

—Lalia Mitchell Thornton



American Airlines have made a careful study of animal shipment by air. Here we see Miss Margaret J. Kearns, of our Society, and Stewardess Priscilla Phelan assuring "Rags" that he will have a safe journey.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

NOTHING is the same since "Mr. Blue," our springer spaniel, came to live with us. Gone are the days when I could look under the bed and find nothing more hair-raising than an accumulation of dust. No more can I stir through my work-basket knowing that the worst that can happen is a razor-slashed finger. Formerly, dark corners were merely dark corners. Now they are lairs for strange creatures that blink at me with large red eyes or small beady eyes and growl or hiss, depending on their vocal equipment.

I blame Nature for this disconcerting state of affairs, for surely her mind was not on her business when she conceived Mr. Blue. Physically he's a male, but instinctively and temperamentally he's a lady spaniel with "an old woman who lived in a shoe" complex.

Our first intimation of his maternal leaning came one winter evening when we brought a dozen puny chicks into the house to keep warm. No sooner had we set the box down than Mr. Blue took over the job of nursemaid. Each chick was tenderly lifted from the box, washed and put on the couch to dry.

Blue's unnatural behavior fascinated "Buddy Bearskin," the cocker and "Mr. Frisbee," the cat, but he let them know in short order that they could look, but they touched his darlings at their own risk.

A week later, we caught him red-handed catnapping our neighbor's week-old kittens. We restored them to their hysterical mother only to find them mewing plaintively under our bed the following night. Again and again we returned the blind innocents, until "Miss Cellany," the kittens' mother, ran out of patience and hid her offspring under the house.

The next object of his affection was a baby cotton-tail, which we found under a pillow on the davenport. The poor creature was frightened out of its wits and nearly smothered. Since we couldn't make Mr. Blue understand that a davenport was no place for a rabbit, we put it in a box where he could moon over it until such time as it could be turned loose without danger of being caught and brought back.

Pups are his delight. I think he has an understanding with the lady dogs in the neighborhood regarding a disposal of their excess progeny. I can just hear him say in that smooth way of his, "My dear Mrs. Blackstone of Rainbow the Third, you simply must let little Starlight come to me for the summer. A man's influence, you know."

Judging by the number of puppies we find at our kitchen door, all the Mrs. Blackstones for miles around are more than willing to let Mr. Blue undertake the upbringing of their little Starlights.

His latest child by adoption was a baby opossum, which he cradled in my work basket. Imagine picking up what you had every right to believe was a rolled stocking, only to find it had teeth, balled fists and a disrespectful way of hissing at you!

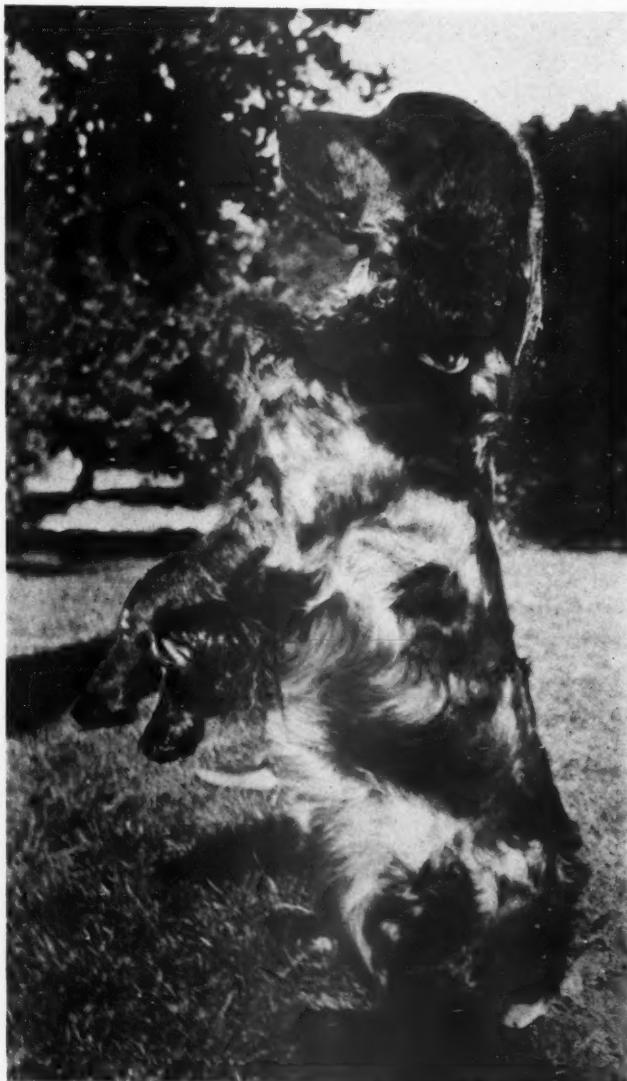
Fortunately, the opossum proved to be a problem child, that alternately hissed and played dead. Soon Mr. Blue lost interest in its strange behavior and we were able to take it away.

We're hoping the opossum episode has cooled his ardor for motherhood. Time will tell. In the meantime, we can only trust that if he goes kidnapping again, he sticks to furry things. I'm afraid I'd lose patience if I were to find a baby rattler curled up on my footstool.

Mr. Blue is a gentleman, but he has a disconcerting mother instinct that baffles his whole family and keeps them guessing as to just what he will do next.

Mr. Blue's Children

by Ina Loney Morris





A Veterans' Oscar

By GEORGE J. LESNIASKI

THREE may be a food shortage but there is one squirrel that isn't disturbed or worried about diet. Let's take a trip to the Veterans Hospital at Rutland Heights, Mass., and take a glimpse at "Oscar."

When the two hospitalized veterans in room No. 4 awake in the morning they are almost certain to see Oscar perched on the window ledge, patiently waiting for his breakfast which is made up when the breakfast trays are served the veterans. Apparently he believes in the, "early come, early served" motto.

Oscar is extremely friendly. For instance, he will squat and eat on the window ledge and allow anyone to pet and watch him—but will not allow himself to be picked up. The boys feel it is merely a matter of time before this is so. When about to be "served" Oscar will move over to one side of the ledge.

After the food is placed down he will scamper in and eat.

There is a swinging window screen which is supposed to be latched closed to prevent insects from entering the room. The boys placed a ruler between the window edge against the screen, leaving it open throughout the day and night. One night a strong wind knocked the prop off, closing the screen. Did this stop Oscar? Indeed not! The following morning found him clinging on the screen and scratching it to awaken his breakfast companions.

Oscar seems to have an uncanny knowledge of knowing when the boys are eating between meals. They may be in bed reading and munching peanuts when—scratch, scratch—there is Oscar on the window ledge dropping a broad hint that he also likes midday meals.

During the day Oscar is often browsing about the hospital grounds. Popcorn, peanuts or other food is tossed out. He hops in, picks it up and scampers toward a storage spot.

"Pedro," Miracle Dog

By STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

THIS is the story of a large German police dog named "Pedro." Pedro is an extraordinary "seeing-eye" dog, one who has for quite some time been performing an amazing achievement, which, until recently, was without the knowledge of his blind master.

Since many a veteran has been blinded in the late war, it isn't unusual to see a blind person being safely guided by a seeing-eye dog. Hence, if you were a stranger in Coral Gables, Florida, and you saw Joe Yates, blind courthouse cigar stand operator and former city councilman of Coral Gables, being led about the town by Pedro, you wouldn't think it unusual. That is, you wouldn't, unless some native were to tell you the story about the dog part of the inseparable twosome, in which event, you wouldn't think it only unusual, but also bordering on the miraculous.

Pedro, trained at the Seeing-Eye, Inc., Morristown, N. J., and Joe Yates have been together for several years. Both are a common sight to the folks of Coral Gables. They see the pair daily, Pedro confidently, surefootedly and safely leading his master to wherever he has been commanded to guide him.

Recently, Pedro suffered a severe heart attack, and Yates, fearful for the life of his faithful pal, rushed him off to a noted veterinary. The doctor began to examine Pedro thoroughly. When he got to the dog's eyes, his own eyes went

wide with amazement at what he had discovered—Pedro was stone blind. The cataracts over his eyes showed that. But it wasn't the dog's blindness that amazed the doctor, it was the fact that he had been guiding Yates right up to the moment he was stricken, even though, as he told Yates, he had been blind for a long, long time!

Yes, Pedro had been guiding Yates around safely for some time while he himself was sightless. He accomplished this most amazing feat by a sense of smell and hearing so sharp and fine that he had no difficulty leading his master safely about the city.

Dog stories, like fairy tales, should have happy endings. Thanks to the skill of the veterinary, this one has. Pedro was restored to health and today, as in the past, he and Joe Yates are seen daily on the streets of Coral Gables—Pedro confidently leading Joe, and Joe, beaming trust and confidence in Pedro, following, supremely sure that wherever he may command him to guide him, Pedro will get him there, safely.



A monthly copy of "Our Dumb Animals" in every school room will prove of inestimable value to teachers and pupils alike. We urge our friends to donate a subscription to their local schools without delay.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

A Born General

*The hermit crab's nobody's fool;
And, even as you and I,
He likes to live in safety, so,
Here's just how he gets by:*

*He puts around him three or four
Poison-spilling sponges,
Which form a living bodyguard,
To ward off enemy lunges!*



Horses and Men

By P. D. KEATING

THE noble horse has played an important part in the progress of the United States. From the earliest times, it was a valuable asset to the founders of the country. For in Colonial Days and throughout most of our wars, the horse figured prominently in the scheme of things. Before the days of mechanized warfare, it was the horse that carried American armies through to some of their most glorious victories.

Today, the horse still has its value. But for the most part, its activities are confined to the sporting world where it is highly regarded. This is in sharp contrast to bygone days, when men put great confidence in their steeds and actually placed their lives in the feet of the horses that carried them.

Most of our greatest generals owned and rode remarkable horses whom they prized highly. The incomparable Washington was a noted lover of the breed and he raised many outstanding horses. It was only natural for him to select his mounts with the greatest of care. When he led a young nation to its most important victory, Washington was carried into battle by superb horses.

Among his steeds were the great white charger, "Lexington," "Greenway," "Fairfax," "Braddock" and "Dolly." However, his favorite was "Nelson," the horse that carried him to Philadelphia when he accepted his commission as General of the Continental Armies and the same horse that was at his side when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Throughout the entire campaign, Washington and Nelson made a famous combination and both came through the struggle without a scratch. When the war was finished, Washington retired Nelson to his Virginia stock farm and never rode him again. Nor was anyone else permitted to ride the "Father of Our Country's" favorite.

During the Civil War, it was the horse that performed brilliantly. Both sides placed great faith in the horse and the struggle was noted for its cavalry battles. Famous leaders on both sides were



They are still helping to make this country great.

skilled horsemen and they owned marvelous steeds.

Because of the close battle contacts, these generals had many horses shot from under them. Grant, for example, had three war horses that he highly praised. These were "Jeff Davis," "Egypt" and "Cincinnati." General Sheridan rode "Winchester," whose name had been previously changed from "Rienzi." Sherman had two famous war horses that were known to all his men, "Lexington" and "Sam."

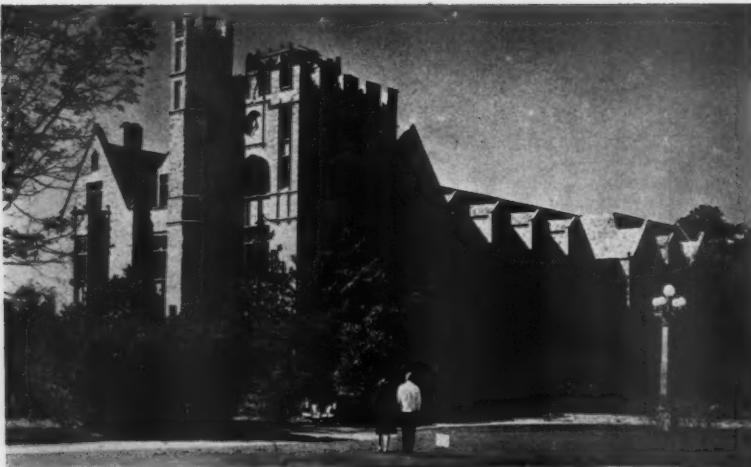
The Southern Army had two brilliant leaders, Generals Lee and Stuart. Both were excellent horsemen and they had great love for the breed. They firmly believed that the horse was essential to their success and they always tried to secure topnotch horses for their men.

Lee and his famous "Traveler" are one of the greatest combinations of all time. Throughout the entire struggle, they were together and when the firing was over, they went into retirement together. Unlike Washington, who turned Nelson out to pasture, Lee continued to ride Traveler up until the time of his

death. Lee passed on before his horse, but Traveler received fine care until his death. Today at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, Traveler can be seen as he has been mounted and saved for posterity.

Jeb Stuart, the great cavalry leader, demanded outstanding horses. He was a noted authority on horseflesh and his mounts were as capable as he was. While he fought, he owned a string of horses that served him on the fighting front. Stuart did not have one particular favorite as he had the misfortune to have many horses shot from under him while in battle. Among some of his war horses were "Maryland," "Chancellor," "Star of the East" and "Skylark."

The horse, intelligent and loyal, has, therefore, contributed much to the making of the United States. Whether in war, migration, or in front of a plow, it has performed nobly. Its hoofbeats awoke a struggling country when Paul Revere carried the news of the coming of the British and its hoofbeats linked the East and West as pony express riders delivered the mail.



Rowley School of

by Dr. Philip W.

Oglethorpe University

THE world has just witnessed in stark tragedy the crescendo of a titanic bout between two forces which long have faced each other in grim struggle. One is the will to power, that lurking instinct in the human breast which sates itself on dominion over other men. Sometimes the worst in human nature finds some focal personage about whom that worst can rally and then breaks loose in frenzied might. Such a personage was Adolf Hitler. The instinct that drew him followers and drove them on was quenchless lust for power.

Nineteen hundred years ago, the Man of Nazareth came into the world. At the outset of His ministry, He, too, felt the tug of power. The vision of the kingdoms of the world at His feet presented itself with full allure. But He represents a principle, the very antithesis of power; a principle, the negation of power; the principle of brotherhood. He left us a method and a prohibition—to lead, yes; to drive, never. He recognized in each man, woman and child a tremendous potential, by some called soul; by others personality—which must forever be free from coercion in order for that potential to release itself under the one condition necessary to human growth—the opportunity for personal choice. To accord to others that opportunity is respect for human personality, which Christ would have no man deny his fellow men.

These lines may sound abstruse, but great truths can be couched in the simplest terms, terms which any child can understand, yet which the deepest comprehension will never exhaust. When children are encouraged to be kind, is not that the first step towards respect for human personality? Kindness and justice are attitudes of the mind towards all sentient life. In its highest form, it becomes a character which reinforces its integrity by freely according to others the opportunity to develop their own.

In 1889, George T. Angell founded the American Humane Education Society to foster and awaken, especially in childhood, the spirit of

We feel that Oglethorpe University is a venture described on these pages. Its buildings, which are shown here, serve to attract college students, ever, are intentionally kept small so that the relations between students and the outstanding faculty are close. Most personal instruction is made possible by the small size of the college. Education evaluation in terms of the quality of instruction is the best guarantee of the success of the college.



Students relax at the lake.



of the Humanities

Dr. Weltner, President

University, Atlanta, Georgia

University is especially adapted for the new pages. Its beautiful buildings, a few of which attract college youth to its portals. Classes, how-
small so that a friendly atmosphere develops
tstanding school faculty. By this means, al-
made possible with the concepts of Humane
ation in terms of everyday life.



Dr. Philip Weltner

kindness as a first and, therefore, essential step towards human brotherhood.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, for more than thirty-five years president of this Society, enlarged on the scope of this work, making the Society's influence felt, not only nationally but internationally, as well. In this country, for instance, more than eight million children have been enrolled in Bands of Mercy or Junior Humane Societies, an experience that greatly enriched their lives.

And now, due to the fact that other good men and true founded Oglethorpe University to help college youth grow and develop in terms of their highest humanity, the two parallel ideas will be combined and find expression in the Rowley School of the Humanities at our University, named in honor of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, dean of the humane movement, as a mark of esteem for his outstanding contribution in the development of Humane Education in America and his great work for a better world.

To the present time, the Society has limited itself primarily to bringing the teachings of Humane Education to elementary and high school students, through its humane workers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but with this new step, the fundamentals of these teachings will be correlated, also, with college subjects and brought to a higher level of education.

Oglethorpe University and the American Humane Education Society exhibit a purpose identical to each other in an on-going process whereby, in good time, the kingdoms of this earth shall become transformed into the Kingdom of God.

For Oglethorpe University to form a close association with the American Humane Education Society is an inspiring privilege. It is another of those links which some day will bind together all mankind in an abiding sense of brotherhood, begun in kindness and justice and achieving maturity through informed and intelligent good will.

Ever Faithful

BURLINGTON, Iowa, postman George H. Anderson is trudging his route with a dog companion these days, but George says it's not the same without faithful old "Tracy." As just about everybody in that section of the city knows, Tracy accompanied George over his route for the past seven years. The dog never missed a delivery until his death.

Then, last October, Tracy died at the age of seventeen years. He was found within a block of where he met the postman each day of his life.

The big white part-collie would meet postman Anderson at the south side of the public library and faithfully accompany him until his day's work was done.

"You could count on Tracy being there to meet me, rain, shine, or snow," said the postman. "He never missed until the day before I found him dying. He didn't seem to have been struck by a car, but it was plain that he was dying—he didn't even recognize me until I bent down to pet him. Then he thumped his tail against the street a couple of times and I knew he recognized me, and was trying to say he was sorry at not being able to go the route with me as he had done so faithfully for so long."

"I remember the first time Tracy went with me around my route," reminisced George. "It was a little over seven years ago, and Tracy cocked his eye at me from a yard, then trotted across the street to the east side, where I was walking. After that first trip, he never voluntarily missed a day."

One thing Tracy could never figure out—George grinned a little sadly—was that postmen don't make deliveries on Sundays or national holidays.

"He always waited on the terrace near the library on Sundays and holidays, just as any other day," George said. "Sometimes, after waiting a while, he would figure he had missed me and would walk over the whole of my route by himself, looking for me. Weather meant nothing to him. He even trudged through fierce snowstorms to make the daily route."

During the last several years, as Tracy became more and more aged and each step became difficult and doubtlessly painful, he was so weary by the time George and he returned to the post-office building at the end of the day that George would take him home in his car.

"Several times Tracy climbed into my car when we returned to the post office and waited there for me to drive him home," said postman Anderson. "He didn't even wait to be invited."

There were several high points in Tracy's life. Once, about two years ago, the story of his mail route with postman Anderson received recognition on a dog food program on a nation-wide radio broadcast. Dr. Deane Chapman, pastor of the First Methodist Church, of Burl-

ington, once delivered a sermon on the faithfulness of the dog to the mail carrier.

"Everyone wants to know where Tracy is," Anderson said, "and it's wearing me out telling them all the story of the passing of our friend. It seems everyone on the Hill looked first for the dog, then for me. When they saw Tracy, they knew I was in the neighborhood somewhere and would soon be delivering their mail."

Wherever it is that good canines go when they leave this earthly body, it is postman Anderson's opinion that Tracy is there enjoying a first class kennel.

An appropriate memorial service to Tracy was held at the First Methodist Church by Dr. Anderson. This service was held after the regular sermon and the pastor asked postman Anderson to rise in his seat at the church.

Rest in peace, Tracy. Your faithfulness will be remembered.

"Rambling at Random"

By Dean Sims

Burlington Hawkeye Gazette

Just While It's Cold

By MAE CAUDILL

Our feathered friends have done so much

To make our sad days cheery.

Don't you think we should help them now,

When months are cold and dreary;

For now's the time they suffer most;

In winter's ice and cold—

The little wild birds try to live.

Through agonies untold.

Why, song birds freeze and starve to death
in every icy land

When all it takes to save their lives
Is water, food and sand.

And in this war-torn cheerless world,
You know how much we need them;

So, while it's cold,

Please, won't you help

To water them and feed them?



YOU LET MY KITTY DOWN!

We have rarely seen a picture so unintentionally amusing as this one and wish to thank General Manager W. N. Dunlop, of the Canadian S. P. C. A., for permission to use it. We can readily imagine that the pretty little girl, who, by the way, is Jocelyn McPeak, of Montreal, picked up the kitten and her little brother, Andrew, had a thwarted desire to do the same.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Squirrels Visit Store

ED Matlehner operates a "cash and carry" grocery business in Erie, Pa.—that is, it is "cash and carry" to everyone except a couple of red squirrels. They never pay, but they are pretty steady customers, at the nut basket.

Well, Ed doesn't complain. The squirrels are amusing to him, and also to the many customers who patronize his store.

The visits began early last fall. A large, bushy-tailed fellow made his way into the store behind a customer. The squirrel promptly made a dive into a basket of walnuts sitting on the floor.

In a short while the squirrel stuck his nervous little head up over the basket's edge. He was carrying a nut. He seemed embarrassed now, and a little frightened. Pretty soon he scampered for the door, but he returned shortly, minus the nut, and made it very plain that he wanted another nut to take away. The grocer saw this procedure carried on for about a week, and then he hid the basket of walnuts. But the squirrel wasn't to be put off so easily. He continued his visits and searched for the nuts—and he found them. The basket was placed in other parts of the store by Ed and his clerks, but the squirrel soon located his meal ticket.

One day a boy bought a bag of nuts and took them outside of the store to feed the squirrel. The lively visitor was very cooperative and put on a little show, while a crowd gathered. He would take a nut in his paws, tuck it into his mouth and scamper to a spot about 100 yards away for burying the morsel.

Now the store is usually opened at the respectable hour of 8 A.M., but nearby residents have reported to Ed that the squirrel has been seen impatiently walking in front of the store's entrance, or peering into the show windows.

On various occasions, the original squirrel has brought a companion along. And another total-stranger squirrel has visited the nut premises. "They don't take enough nuts to bother me," says Ed, "and we all get a kick out of watching them."

Ed thinks the steady squirrel visitor lives in one of the large trees of the neighborhood and will "patronize" the store all winter—if the nuts hold out!

—Walter Rudolph



Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazine so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

January 1947



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

One of the strangest creatures of the animal world is the Aye-Aye.

The Finger Beast

By DENNIS COLLINS

OF all the animals in this whole wide world, one of the strangest looking, rarely seen and remarkable beasts is the "Aye-Aye," also known as the "Finger Beast" because of its exceedingly slender and long fingers. These animals are found in Madagascar, a large island off the southeastern coast of Africa.

The Finger Beast belongs to the monkey family. When taken in captivity, it becomes very restless and fierce, but grows tame very easily, after a short time. Fortunately, the natives will often not go near the animal or help capture it, unless they are persuaded, as they had formerly a superstitious fear of this beast.

The Aye-Aye can be described as about the size of an ordinary full grown cat, and naturally very strong. Its gnawing teeth give the animal a rodent-like appearance, though it does not belong to the rodent family.

The tail is long and bushy which reminds us of our squirrels. Its head is broad and round with a short face and large pop-out brown eyes that almost resemble those of an owl.

Protruding from the top of the head are two large naked ears as thin as

paper. Then, the dark brown fur of the animal is long and loose with a woolly undercoat.

Both of its feet resemble that of the other mammals with the exception of the large toe which almost resembles a human thumb with a flat nail. The other toes have pointed compressed claws. As for the hands, they are large and long, with fingers that, also, have pointed claws, while the third finger is extremely slender and long.

The Aye-Aye feeds on juices of sugar cane which is obtained by tearing open the hard, woody circumference of the stalk with its strong incisor teeth. It also devours wood-boring caterpillars by first cutting its teeth upon their burrows and then picking them out of their retreat with the claws of its thin and slender middle finger.

This Finger Beast constructs a ball-like nest of dried leaves, which is lodged in a fork of the branches of a large tree. One side of the nest has an opening for easy access. The animal frequents places where there are a great number of bamboo trees and can be seen mostly at night, alone, or in pairs.



Three Friendly Dogs

By MILDRED EVANS ROBERTS

Three friendly dogs live on our street.
I like them all, Queen, Duke and Pete.
Duke carries bundles, catches sticks,
Shakes hands, and does a lot of tricks.
Queen is a beauty, gentle, good.
She guards her home, as all dogs should.

She never harms cat, bird or mouse,
Or carries old bones in the house.
Pete is a loving, meddling pup.
He romps, steals rubbers, chews them up,
And barks at postmen. Have you guessed?
He is my dog. I like him best.

Solving the Problem

A PRECOCIOUS young miss of five years, blonde and petite, recently accompanied her mother to the Springfield Branch Hospital. Her cocker spaniel was sick. They were sitting in the waiting room, which was filled with other anxious pet owners. Little Miss surveyed the scene, pondered the various hitherto unknown breeds awaiting the doctor's attention, and acquainted herself generally with the problems of a heretofore unexplored canine world. Having accomplished this important field, she narrowed her attention to the family circle again, and confined her conversation to her mother—but loudly.

"So you think Patsy has worms," she announced. "Well, we have been playing together, so probably I have worms!"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about it," her mother calmly replied. "Patsy could have something that you didn't, you know. In fact, I doubt if worms are contagious."

"Well, Patsy has been eating candy and cake, and probably they made the worms, and I have been eating candy and cake, so probably I have them, too," the logical Little Miss continued.

"You eat more candy and cake than Patsy, but it agrees with little girls better than it does with dogs, so I don't think you need to worry about worms," her mother further solaced her.

"I'm not worrying particularly," said Little Miss, "but I don't like worms. I do like candy and cake, though!"

Then followed a brief period of meditation. Little Miss and the waiting room were quiet. Then, in a voice filled with assurance and determination, for all the world to hear:

"I know what. I don't like worms, but I do like candy and cake. So I won't eat candy and cake during the holidays. Then I won't have worms—during the holidays!"

With which worldly solution, she sat back in the big chair, smiled at everyone in the waiting room, and rested in the complacence of a great problem solved.

—Charlena Kibbe

Society News

Springfield Area



Now let me hold him.



Mrs. John Minarik shows off nine puppies which she left at our Springfield Branch. These little fellows were up for adoption and it didn't take long to find good homes for all.

Feeding the Birds

ONE of the most conscientious feeding programs in Massachusetts has been carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Cheever, of Springfield. For thirty-four years they have fed the birds at Court Square, Stearns Square and at their home, daily. Mr. Cheever journeys to Court Square each morning and his arrival is a signal for the birds to assemble.

One hundred pounds of grain are used about every six days and, in addition, nuts and other delicacies are taken along for the birds and squirrels. Two squirrel houses were erected on Court Square through the generosity of Mrs. Cheever.

Contributions from Mrs. Cheever and from the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield Branch provide the initial funds for the extensive distribution of bird seed at the Hospital each winter. Thousands of pounds of grain compounded from a special mixture, containing ten favorite kinds of bird seed, are distributed annually. The grain is put up in six pound bags and sold for a nominal sum to bird lovers in the Springfield area. During severe snowstorms, the grain is donated by the Auxiliary and placed under lean-tos in woods and pastures, as well as within the city limits, through the cooperation of Boy Scouts and individuals interested in bird feeding.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Ys and Service

Boston Area



Boston American

Little Bobby Venti comes to visit.

Horse Rescued

After long and arduous toil, agents of our Society recently extricated a horse from an unusual predicament. At West Cottage and Dudley Streets, the animal, drawing a wagon, wedged his foot beneath a street car track and all efforts of its driver failed to free the horse.

Our agents responded immediately to the call and spent one hour in setting the animal free.

Animal Care Courses

Elementary schools throughout the State were urged recently to adopt courses in the care and treatment of animals by Miss Olive Smith, of the Springfield Public Schools, first city in the Commonwealth to install such a program.

In a talk before thirty-five general supervisors of public education, meeting at the Hotel Statler, Miss Smith outlined the Springfield program on which she has spent a year's research and which was sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The courses, now in effect at Springfield, teach children characteristics of animals and humane treatment of them.

January 1947

Fined for Cruelty

Apprised of the cruel shooting of a dog, one of our agents followed up the case and obtained a conviction in court. A police officer related how he answered the complaint when it came into his station and followed the trail of blood from the offender's house for a distance of about one hundred yards across a field, where he found the dog in a dying condition.

The case was passed over to our agent who interviewed the offender, who stated that he shot the dog, a collie, from his cellar window, because the dog continued to bother the defendant's pet. He further stated that he thought the dog was unlicensed and would not have shot it had he known otherwise.

Our officer took out a complaint and brought the case to court. The defendant pleaded not guilty, but was found guilty and fined the sum of fifty dollars.

Case of Neglect

Receiving a complaint that a dog was being neglected, our officer investigated and visited the complainant who stated that a small white mongrel dog comes into the schoolroom and the small children are very fond of it, but the teacher is afraid that as the dog has a bad case of mange, it is unhealthy for the children.

Our agent finally located the owner of the dog. She said that she would have the animal put to sleep, but after he told her how fond the teacher and children were of the dog, she changed her mind and promised to put the animal under the care of a veterinarian, so that it could go back to school when cured.



Kittens Mistreated

Learning that a family was in the habit of giving small kittens away and that they were being mistreated, our officer visited the home. Investigation disclosed that the family has a female cat and when it has kittens, they are given to children. Our agent advised them to give only to adults, and that we would call for any unwanted ones.



Miss Lois Standfast, student at Mount Ida Junior College, recently visited our Hospital and struck up a friendship with "Cleo," who was just recovering from an operation.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

Stall-Mates

By Marita Mower (Age 11)

My grandfather owned a horse that he kept at the fairgrounds in one of the barns so that he could exercise his horse regularly on the track. "Billet Doux" was the horse's name.

Soon after Billet Doux made his home in the barn, an English sparrow came and built his nest in the horse's stall. From that time on, Billet Doux and his stall-mate were the best of friends.

Every day, when the trainer took Billet Doux out to practice, the bird flew just ahead of him around and around the track. When the practice period was over, they both went back to their stall together.

Four Pets

By P. Joseph Dole

One day while I was walking home from school, I saw a female dog. The dog came over to me and I patted it. That was all I saw of the dog until that night at the Boy Scout meeting. After the meeting, she followed me home. When I got home it started to rain and I told her to go home. When I went out the next morning she was still there. She followed me all day until the afternoon. Then I did not see her again until a policeman found her and was going to take her away. I brought her home and left her there. The next day she had her puppies. There are two male and one female—three puppies all together. They're eleven days old today.

My Dog, "Buster"

By Robert Kunkel (Age 11)

"Buster" is black and white. One day he went out to the field and started chasing the horses. One horse got mad and kicked at him and knocked him down. Buster is three years old and knows better than to chase horses now.



My uncle's horse, "Hi-Ebony."

Thank You, Barbara

We received a note from Barbara Baker, of Milton, and were glad to learn of her interest in animals. Here is her letter and a poem she wrote:

"My hobby is horses and I am working on the Horse-women Badge in Girl Scouts. I haven't a picture of myself with my cat but I am enclosing a picture of my uncle's horse "Hi-Ebony." Here is a poem I wrote."

My Horse

*My horse, he traveled a long, long way,
Upon a blizzly winter's day
In search of help, he hoped to find,
He galloped through the blizzard, blind.*

*The wind blew fiercely on my face
While behind a rock, I, myself, did brace.*

*My horse, he knew none too well,
For he nudged me gently when I fell.*

*I had broken my leg and lay there to die,
But my horse gave me courage when I started to cry
My horse, he traveled a long, long way
And saved my life on that winter's day.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Chickadees

"Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!"
I bear from up in the cherry tree.
 "Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!"
They come each morning and call for me.
 "Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!"
A dish of fresh water they ask of me,
Then, "Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!"
They call, in thanks, from the cherry tree.

—Alfred I. Tooke



You'll Never Guess!

With your pencil start at Number 1 and connect each succeeding number with a line. You'll never guess, until you finish, just what kind of an animal is looking at you from under the palm tree.



One of the queerest cats of all.

Queer Cats

By ADA B. TURNER

Which cat:

1. is a burial place?
2. grows in marshy places?
3. do many people like to read?
4. is taught to many children?
5. is a short sleep?
6. is used for water travel?
7. was used for punishment?
8. is a waterfall?
9. is a kind of embroidery?
10. is wild and fierce?
11. is a sauce for meat?
12. helps to make music?
13. is an herb?
14. affects the nose?
15. do we welcome in the spring?
16. does every actor dread?
17. does everyone wish to avoid?
18. crawls but does not walk?
19. is a quartz?
20. is a disease?

ANSWERS: catacombs, cat tail, catalog, catechism, cat nap, cat boat, cat-o-nine-tails, cataract, cat stitch, catamount, catsup, catgut, catnip, catarrh, catkin, cat call, catastrophe, caterpillar, cat's eye, catalepsy.

If a child is kind to animals, he will surely grow up to become a good citizen. To get along with animals requires thoughtfulness for their welfare and gentleness in their handling. These two attributes alone, when applied to human companionship, will insure a life of real success in adulthood.



Doctor Gilpatrick and his dogs.

We Are Heartened

EVERYTHING isn't always a bed of roses in the operation of a hospital, but every once in a while some word comes to us of work well done and we feel a glow of pride. The following letter from Dr. R. H. Gilpatrick, of Nantucket, is a case in point:

"I know that Waiting Room only too well, and I only hope my mite may be helpful in rendering to some other dog owner the sort of comfort and security given me there.

"Without appointment, at midnight or a bit later, the extremity of my dog's condition drove me to that door. Instead of being left to ring or turned away to come at a seasonable hour, we were taken in with every possible expression of sympathy and Dr. Leonard, though dragged out of her bed, no doubt after a long and arduous day, was the essence of understanding and efficiency. One might have thought my dog was to her almost what he is to me, sparing no time or detail, going into every item of the history that might help.

"The way he was treated and the splendid recovery he made together with the opportunity Dr. Leonard gave me to inspect the treatment rooms and equipment easily explained what a tremendous asset the Hospital is to our Commonwealth.

"Perhaps the picture may be of interest. The younger setter is Timothy Tucker of Lakelands who was the patient above mentioned and the other is his father, Rackets Tommy of Lakelands."

Passing of a Friend

WE have but recently learned of the death of one of our Society's staunchest supporters and are deeply grieved at the loss of one whose constant friendship meant much to our work for animals.

She was Miss Catharine Mulock McGinley, who although born in England, came to America with her parents in Civil War days and later to teach at the Dorchester High School for Girls more than forty years ago.

During her lifetime of eighty years, Miss McGinley was active in civic affairs and all through the first World War, she gave unreservedly of her time and strength.

The humane world will especially feel the loss of her vibrant personality and her ever-present interest in the prevention of all cruelty.



We Agree

THE following letter, explanatory in itself, was recently printed in the Boston *Traveler* in that section known as the "People's Forum."

The letter was written by one of our Society's long-standing friends, Mr. Arthur B. Rotch, of Milford, New Hampshire, who is himself a prominent editor and publisher in that city.

We cannot help but agree with Mr. Rotch's sentiments in this matter. It is, indeed, revolting to see cars speeding by during the hunting season with one or two deer, graceful no more, on the fenders and running boards.

"May I register mild protest of your six-column picture printed on page 42 of last night's *Traveler*? The picture showing grinning men and women among the bodies of dozens of deer in Belsen-like piles on the market floor.

"I, and many others, wish you wouldn't print pictures like this. It must be discouraging to men like Dr. Rowley and Eric Hansen, of Longwood Avenue, and hundreds of others whose lives are devoted to care and kindness for animals.

"On second thought, why not reprint the picture? But instead of the caption, 'Venison for Boston,' run a legend that says in effect, 'These hideous, bleeding, glass-eyed animals were not raised in captivity and killed by merciful slaughterhouse methods. A few days ago they were beautiful, free, ranging the woods in northern New England. Now look at them, the victims of the unequal contest between gunpowder and flesh! Some, we hope, died instantly. Most, we fear, suffered hours and perhaps days from crippling wounds.'

"Have you ever seen a wounded deer? One with a shattered leg trying to escape? The whole significance of your picture is lost in the caption, 'Venison for Boston.' "

The Little Dog

By NATALIE RYAN

*The master of the little dog is gone
But the little dog himself goes on.
He takes his daily living in his stride
And does his special stunts with dogly pride,
For sleeping or awake he is aware
His master is ahead of him somewhere,
That he will overtake him in the end,
Perhaps along the road beyond a bend,
Or in the woods astride their favorite log—
Then they'll go on together, man and dog.*

Reprinted from
Cincinnati Times Star



Mythical Cotton Sheep

STRANGER than the unicorn—more wonderful than the winged horse—was the curious "cotton sheep" which so amazed our ancestors of the Middle Ages.

The cotton sheep's claim to distinction was not based on wings, nor on a horn, like the unicorn—but on its unusual way of life. It was the only animal known to grow on a plant, in a pod, like a bean or a pea!

These fairy-size creatures were supposed to be the source of the wool from which cotton cloth was spun. The mythical "cotton sheep" resulted from the mystery surrounding Europe's first introduction to cotton. Natives of Scythia, the little animals were assumed to be the same as any other sheep, except for size and the fact that they grew like flowers. Unlike plants, they did not depend on the shrub stem and roots for nourishment, but ate grass like ordinary animals. This feat was accomplished by tipping the plant stem until the pods touched the ground below!

—Ida M. Pardue

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Cheriene Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

1946 Bound Volumes

Just received from the bindery is a limited supply of the complete 1946 edition of *Our Dumb Animals*, with attractive binding and gold letters.

Here is a permanent reference of 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures, informative articles on nature and animal care, and appealing verse.

Price — \$1.50 each

Button, Button---?

Yes, buttons are here again!

Do you remember the attractive celluloid button we used to stock—that with the animal group design in full color?

It is once again available in three styles—bearing the inscriptions, Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S.P.C.A. In addition, we can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons consisting of a white star on a dark blue background with gold border and lettering.

Price — two cents each.

Send your order now to:

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1947.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

LIBERAL ANNUITY RATES

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * * * *

A pamphlet giving necessary information gladly sent upon request.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100.00	Active Annual	\$10.00
Associate Life	50.00	Associate Annual	5.00
Sustaining Life	30.00	Annual	3.00
Children's			\$0.75

The annual meeting of our two Societies will be held Tuesday, January 28, 1947.

Since 1832
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
Funeral Service
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CONTRIBUTED**

New Year's Resolution

W

HAT would the New Year be without a resolution?

We have made one—but we must depend on our friends to help us carry it out.

Here is our resolution:

RESOLVED: That in this year of 1947 subscriptions to Our Dumb Animals will be placed in at least one thousand more libraries throughout the country.

Just think what that will mean! Thousands more people will read about animals, understand them better, realize their real worth. Result: Innumerable cases of cruelty prevented.

Thousands of children will see that magazine who never had access to it before. Result: A better attitude toward animals, a thoughtfulness that will carry over in their relations to each other.

We are already, to the limit of our resources, sending hundreds of subscriptions to libraries all over the nation, but that is as far as we can go. We feel that it is a worthy project. Librarians tell us that the magazine is read by many of their patrons.

Now here is how you can help! Won't you pick out some library, the one in your city or some other with which you are acquainted and donate a subscription? Just send the name and address of the library and the subscription price of \$1.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

Please help us to fulfill our New Year's resolution!

